

# NIGHTCAP

NO. 1

50 c

R

COLLECTOR'S  
EDITION

OPEN IT UP!  
**THE BIG NEW \*KIND**  
**of MAGAZINE for YOU!**  
\*SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HOW TO  
HAVE A  
HAPPY HAREM

BEWARE  
OF THE WOMAN  
WHO BITES!



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## EDITORIAL

“ANOTHER ONE?” You’re staggered by the thought. “Another men’s magazine on my favorite newsstand? Holy smokes!” (Or words to that effect!)

Yes, here it is — Volume One, Number One of a brand new magazine for discriminating men. But, as you can see, it’s not “just another girly book.” Not by a long shot.

The little man with the forked tail will be knocking on your door to tell you “it’s frozen over” before you find a bigger or better magazine than this first issue of NIGHTCAP!

We don’t have to tell you to leaf through and take a look at the girls — you’ve already done that. Nor do we have to point out that in the middle of NIGHTCAP you’ll find the largest full-color nude pinup available on today’s newsstands — you’ve seen that, too.

We might point out an interesting piece of Florida law to be discovered in Rick Richards’ short story on page 9, *Age of Consent*, however. Or steer you to another piece of tomfoolery by popular author Jack Hanley (*Teaching an Old Bawd New Tricks*) on page 19. You’ll get around to them in time . . .

. . . but only after several satisfying moments with all of the shapely NIGHTCAPERS on almost every page! They come in all shapes and all sizes, designed to suit every sophisticated taste.

After all, just what is a NIGHTCAP? Generally, it’s a pleasantly stimulating concoction with an alcoholic base, which you have just before dropping off to sleep. It’s associated with the quiet hours between ten p.m. and two a.m. It’s one of the more exquisite delights known to civilized man.

We’ll leave you to your own devices in the alcohol department, but we guarantee each and every one of our curvaceous NIGHTCAPERS to be an exquisite delight, anxious to be known by one civilized man — you!

Drink deeply, then, of the beauteous bounty within these pages, and then sleep well!

It is our fondest hope that you will return, time after time, for another pleasantly stimulating NIGHTCAP . . . !

— THE EDITORS

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# BEWARE

## OF THE WOMAN WHO BITES

By Lance MacDonald



Gloves are one answer to the scratching problem, but the man who plans to play around should marry a doll who likes to mark her man—it's good insurance!



WHERE ARE, in this world, a gratifying number of girls who approach nymphomania. Not true nymphomaniacs (who never achieve sexual satisfaction) but girls who frankly enjoy a good had, and aren't too particular who has them—as long as he's good.

Now, there are also in this world a number of happily married men who appreciate a strange piece every once in a while. It doesn't get in the way of their love and loyalty to wife and children, it's simply an occasional entertaining diversion, with no emotional strings attached.

Most women, especially wives, are totally incapable of understanding this sort of conduct, as they can judge the rest of the world only in terms of their own emotional reaction, and every time they participate in bedroom calisthenics there's a distinct and lasting emotional connotation.

Therefore, it behooves the man who wants to have his cake and eat it, too, to choose his casual playmates with care, in order to keep his one-and-only from discovering what's going on. Not only must he take into consideration the possibility that someone might blab, but he has to be on guard against these casual playmates' sometimes appalling erotic habits.

We're talking about the girls who bite and the girls who scratch. Toothmarks and fingernail furrows across a man's back can be far more damning than an indiscreet lipstick stain or a stray blond hair discovered by a brunette wife.

The unfortunate fact is that the erring husband discovers that he's a marked man *only after the marking occurs*, which makes life a bit difficult. What can he do—refuse to disrobe in front of his wife until the scars have vanished? Engineer an auto accident and hope that his injuries will camouflage the evidence? Engage in a barroom brawl with the same object in mind?

Or (as an ill-advised friend of ours tried recently) claim that he was raped?

The best anti-detection insurance is to have the good sense to marry a doll who bites and scratches in the first place, and thereby pick up the necessary camouflage immediately before any illicit encounters. This advice, sadly enough, is totally worthless to the man unfortunate enough to have married a somewhat gentler spouse.

Wearing a suit of armor gets a bit cumbersome, so some other solution must be found.

An out which will work in some cases is the unexpected business trip, keeping you away from home long enough for your wounds to heal nicely.

Another is to suddenly develop a bad back or a couple of broken ribs, which require taping for the same length of time. It helps if you have an understanding doctor or industrial nurse.

**EVERY LITTLE  
SCRATCH CAN  
COST YOU MANY  
HOURS OF REAL  
ANGUISH LATER  
—IF YOU LET  
YOUR WIFE SEE  
THE EVIDENCE!**

If you're a convincing liar you might acquire a sudden passion for sleeping with your clothes on...

Or, if circumstances permit, arrange an unexpected vacation trip for the wife...

If you're particularly sure of yourself, start a fight which results in your legal spouse going home to mother for a week or so...

Claim that the man who gives you your daily massage at the club went suddenly berserk and attacked you with a rake...

Rumple your suit, tear your shirt, inflict a small but vicious-looking bruise on your head and claim you were mugged by a roving pack of juvenile delinquents...

Pick up some *Erase* or other blemish-concealing cosmetic at the corner drugstore and have a trusted friend help you apply it...

Or come home unexpectedly, sweep your wife into your arms, carry her off to the bedroom and make mad passionate love, insisting at the height of your mutual passion that she bite and scratch the hell out of you. (It's safest to perform this maneuver in total darkness, as it's the riskiest course of action of them all, but in the end the most convincing.) If she loves you, she can be depended upon in the future, whenever you ask it of her, to repeat the performance in order to give you that extra flip of pleasure which she may by now have decided has been lacking in your connubial relationship. Of course, you ask it of her whenever you again contemplate an outside seduction with a girl who might turn out to be a biter or a scratcher.

(The outside interest, in most cases, either will not question the source of your scars or will be satisfied with the story that until you met *her*, you had to satisfy your physical needs with someone else far less attractive than she — and of course, it's all over now. If neither she nor your wife is a bona-fide biter and scratcher, you can dispense with the agony in the future.)

Such foresight and planning are admittedly difficult when one is acting impulsively upon the advice of his glands, but the thinking man makes it his business to guard against potentially embarrassing situations, and thereby saves himself much grief.

The above machinations need not, of course, be restricted to the use of married men only. The single man with more than one girl on the springs can profit from its application, too. Or the man sched-

Girls who scratch  
and girls who  
bite make  
dangerous  
playmates  
—even for  
teddybears!



uled to lay his head on the marriage block in the morning who discovers that the "bachelor party" his single friends have arranged includes a mutilation-prone playmate.

Whatever your circumstance, then, pay heed to these gems of advice — you'll never know when you need them most!





Members of the coven include Predatory Pauline . . .



. . . and even Hecate Herself . . . !



. . . The Wide-Eyed Blonde . . .





"Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble."

So sang the weird sisters of many years ago as they mixed a potent drink for the unsuspecting traveler. The brews they prepared contained (according to many sincere gentlemen who believed in this sort of thing during the Middle Ages) such pleasant items as poisoned entrails, toads, snakes, wool of bats and dogs' tongues. These grim ladies' physical appearance was odd enough to discourage even the most ardent of Romantics, in spite of stories claiming that a witch takes any form she pleases.

But witchcraft, as well as time, marches on. Today's witches are stacked, but well, and tend to elicit more screams of joy than of horror from their occasionally innocent victims. The brews these witches sip contain vintage champagnes, fine brandies, the mellowest of whiskeys and other delectable liquors not traditionally associated with the Halloween-ish bit.

And while your fire burns and you toil, today's slim and sexy sorceresses bubble most enchantingly while causing you infinite double-trouble.

The modern witching-hour comes at five P.M., not at the traditional midnight — nor does the coven meet on Bald Mountain any longer. Disneyesque mountains are decidedly passe these days.

No, the modern witch has a new lair where she lies in wait to cast a spell over you. She's easy to find. Just walk into any cocktail lounge at the new "Witching Hour" and look them over — the witches — while you sip a pick-me-up. There they sit: blondes, redheads and brunettes; every size and shape of them. One may be a little better or a little worse dressed than the next, but they're all eagerly waiting the opportunity to bewitch you.

There are roughly ten species—you can easily distinguish them from the true human Housewife-Secretary who hoists a quick one and hurries home to the old marital-go-round. The witch, on the other hand, comes in, perches on a stool, orders her brew and relaxes. That's their earmark, this ability to relax. While they relax, they're looking you over, too, deciding whether or not to "toll" you to them.

Sip your Scotch while you mull over which type you want. Remember, type has nothing to do with color or shape. There are — as we said — ten basic types, and each of these Hecates has her own cabalistic signs and spell rituals.

(1) *The Wide-Eyed Blonde*. She may be a redhead or a raven-haired enchantress, but, buddy, at heart she's a blonde. And is she willing to warble "My Buddy" to you! Order a Vermont Cassis or a Brandy Alexander and send it over to her. She'll react like a kitten to catnip. Move in. You'll find your ego expanding with each passing minute. (But don't let the passes be too overt.) This one casts her spell by laughing at all your jokes, sighing joyfully over the dinner you buy her and listening gratefully to the story of your life. Drive her home. It's well worth it — unless you'd rather not be invited in for a nightcap. Nightcap it is! While you're sipping your Scotch, she'll excuse herself for a moment to slip into something more comfortable. The "something more comfortable" turns out to be as substantial as a wisp of perfume and twice as provocative. If you find yourself at a loss as to what to do next, you'd better spend the next few nights reading "Memoirs of Casanova."

(2) *Babe in the Woods*. She's the initiate to the coven, the well-scrubbed one in the dress with the Peter Pan collar. (The back of the dress may make Vikki Dougan's

# THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

by Richard O. Rowe



**Witches' Brew  
is often 100  
Proof — and it  
spells Trouble!**

wardrobe look like a collection of "Mother Hubbards" but there is a Peter Pan collar.) She sits there, quietly sipping a Pink Lady or a Singapore Sling — "It looks so pretty!" — and you immediately think of the kid sister. Beware, friend! If this doll ever had a brother she drove him into committing hara-kiri before he reached puberty. Under that pony tail is a Mark IV computer that gives her the precise data on how many drinks you can afford to buy her and if your finances can stand a dinner for two. If you're unfortunate enough to meet her requirements, you'll get witty and interesting conversation, (interspersed with the sad, sad story that her rent isn't paid and she just doesn't know what to do,) an hour or so of progressively more passionate preliminaries in your car, followed by a cool good-night kiss at her door. As she quickly slips inside her apartment she promises "Next time," and barely misses breaking your nose as she closes the door on it. Forget it! Next time never arrives, no matter how often you pay her rent. Wipe the egg off your face and find yourself another chick. This pullet makes a career of having her rent paid gratis.

(3) *Cool, Calm and Collecting*. This type is the oldest of the sisterhood. She's smartly, if quietly, dressed and very well-groomed. Her wit is as dry as the Martini she's sipping and her personality as intoxicating. She responds reluctantly, if at all, to the first pressure of your knee as you light her cigarette — but don't despair, brother, she'll warm up eventually. Just keep trying. You may find the price per hour a trifle high but if you can afford it — FORWARD CHARGE! She's a tantalizing show-case and her bed-antics will be well-worth the expense, and your expense account might cover it if carefully doctored.

(4) *Little Girl Blue*. She's drinking that Bourbon and ginger ale (or Old-Fashioned) because she has no Aim in Life. She's Drifting, Trying to Find Herself. Don't let that restless, dissatisfied-with-life expression throw you, pal. This type most resembles the witches of old. Lend an ear to her instructions to the bartender as to how to fix her drink. (Just so much bourbon, so much ginger ale and the lemon peel has to be shaved and then, etc., etc.) This doll has an aim in life and she doesn't need you to help her find it. Her I.Q. may be that of a genius, her face and body "the stuff that dreams are made on" and her bondoir maneuvers culled from secret instructions bequeathed to her ancestresses by Cleopatra, Du Barry and the Queen of Sheba, but you won't recognize yourself within a few weeks. In fact, you won't be yourself. You'll be reading her books, listening to her music, eating foods she selects and following a sudden new career chosen for you by — you guessed it, The Girl of Your Nightmares.

(The background music to this is a chorus of muted "Yes, dear.")

(5) *I Get Along Without You Very Well*. She's Quite Independent, Thank You. She Doesn't Need a Man in Her Life. Let's Re Pals. If you insist on sitting next to her, she'll pay for her own love-potions — Bob Roys or Bacardis — as she likes to meet you half way. This one takes patience and thought, while you take Miltown. Her conversation tells you to move along and find yourself a more receptive shoulder to lean against, but there's a look in her eye that — if you've got the time and the aforementioned patience and aren't prone to nervous gastritis, spend the next two or three months wooing this one. And wooing is the word! Ply her with flowers, candy, perfume. Read poetry to her. Walk under the stars with her and twine wildflowers in her hair. If you don't wind up

by wringing her neck, you will eventually wind up in bed with her. She'll surprise you by turning out to be the hottest playmate you'll ever find in a long time. Why not? She believes in meeting you half way all the way.

(6) *Fragile Freda*. This one sits quietly in a corner, sipping her glass of Sherry and daintily nibbling the delicious hors d'oeuvres. Her eyes meet yours just as those delectable lips close on a fried shrimp. She smiles dreamily. Those enraptured eyes cling to yours and you hear the strains of "That Old Black Magic." Quite a witch, this one! Amble over and buy her a drink. Go on, don't be shy. Buy her several drinks — she'll let you. In fact, she'll think you're a "perfect darling" for buying them. If it disturbs you that at seven o'clock she bids you a hurried goodbye, snaffles a last morsel off the delicacies tray and departs, take an aspirin. The gal's going to work at that bar across the street that doesn't serve food, or down the block where that little stock company is doing a show. While the aspirin works, sit back and tote up the tidbits she so daintily put away. You'll find that they total up to an amazing amount. Naturally, since that's the only dinner she has either time or money to spend on. The dreamy smile in your direction was for the shrimp, not you, you poor fish, and the enraptured look was probably due to the fact that she's as nearsighted as a bat. Perhaps you feel hountiful about the time wasted — or do you just feel had?

(7) *Predatory Pauline*. She's the sorceress with the come-hither everything. She'll asquiesce to all of your suggestions for entertainment. In fact, she'll say "Yes" before you've asked her and will race you to the bedroom. If you're fastidious, the fact that she's raced every Thomas, Richard and Harold she's met in the same direction might deter you, but for a quick roll in the hay, why not? Why not? This babe wants just one thing and that's marriage — and it could be you, you lucky man. After marriage, she'll still be racing every available male to the primrose pad. If you play in the hay, leave early and forget her address, her phone number and the fact that you've met. Two Champagne Cocktails aren't worth a wedding-ring chaser.

(8) *Sexy, Svelte and Sophisticated*. If she's sipping a Gin Sling and using a cigarette-holder-shaped-witching-wand while wearing a bored expression, run — do not walk — to the door marked "Exit." She's seventeen and Living Dangerously tonight.

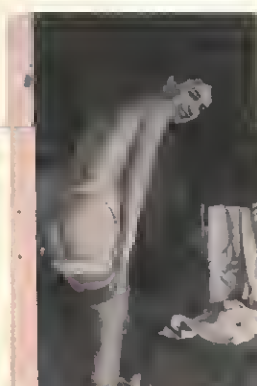
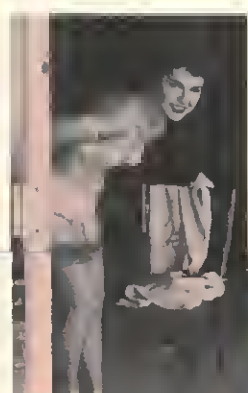
(Variation 2.) If she's downing Vodka Gibsons or Brandys and trying to bewitch you with her smile, turn your back and spend the evening talking with the sweet little old lady in the corner of the bar. In bed your Vodka Gibson Charmer is less talented than Miss Living Dangerously and much, much more frigid.

(9) *Hecate Herself*. See her? The one with the glasses, buck teeth, large nose and small Manhattan? Don't gulp and head for the hills, Romeo. Linger a while. This one may be the answer to a connoisseur's prayer. Under that neat, tailored gray suit may be a body to enthrall the most jaded of eyes and she can teach you games in bed that numbers one through eight never learn. She's had the time and the incentive to apply her imagination to the subtleties of the art of love and with her love is most truly an art. Move way in and start the preliminaries. You'll enjoy yourself so much you'll probably come back for seconds.

(10) *Trim, Terrific and Over Twenty-One*. Forget it! The boyfriend will be here soon and he's bigger than you are. • • •



A sharp businessman  
can even insist that  
those frilly lace  
undies belong  
to the Firm!



# the DEDUCTIBLE MISTRESS

*...or how to convince the  
Income Tax Collector that  
your private stock is a  
legitimate expense!*

**L**ET US CONSIDER for a moment the essential difference between wives and mistresses, and a few of the reasons why mistresses are by far the most desirable of the two.

The discussion will hinge upon two proven facts: Man, by his very nature, is prone to grow tired of any given woman after a reasonable length of time, and want to exchange her for a new and different model; and, it generally costs money to drop a woman with whom you have enjoyed extended intimacy.

Add to these truisms the idea that while wives cost a bit less in upkeep, divorce courts are prone to award the discarded wife outrageous amounts of compensation. Mistresses, on the other hand, seldom if ever collect such "severance pay," but the day-to-day upkeep of a good mistress generally runs considerably higher than the cost of keeping a wife.

Six of one and half a dozen of another.

The purpose of this article is to help you put your thumb on the scale...

Long ago you decided that money was one of the essentials of life—and shortly after that you discovered that a little more money was needed in order to enjoy the "good life." Hard on the heels of this discovery came a third—the realiza-

By E. Robert Farley



tion that *much* money will almost take care of anything.

Being an intelligent young man, you set about to accumulate a comfortable amount of the old mazuma. You discovered that the first hundred dollars was the hardest, but after that it seemed to pile up without effort. At least we hope so—otherwise the rest of this article is apt to be largely wishful thinking. But we'll assume that you already have a few thousand stashed away at present, earning about four percent interest. And you're still adding to it.

Now what, you may ask, does all this have to do with keeping a tax-free mistress? We'll get to that in a moment—but let's stay with money for another paragraph or two.

One of the laws of economics is that the more you have, the more you get—and the less you're compelled to fork over to the government, the more you have left for yourself.

And the less you have spent or have to pay off to the last woman in your life, the more you have left to help provide fun and games with the next one.

This is the crux of the entire matter.

Tackling these problems one at a time, we have:

1. *A legal, legitimate way is needed to cut down your income tax.* Marriage, with its joint return privileges and discounts, can help—but then you're faced with a future financial settlement which in all probability will completely offset the tax savings. It's far more profitable to go into a second business aside from

your major income source—and make sure the business loses money. You then deduct the losses from gross income and enjoy a substantial tax savings.

2. *A way must be found to eliminate the major cost of women.* Where marriage is concerned, the only approach would be to get your bride to sign a property settlement on your wedding day, including an iron-clad agreement not to ask for alimony in the event of a divorce. As this is just as impractical as marriage itself, you'd be better off to stay single.

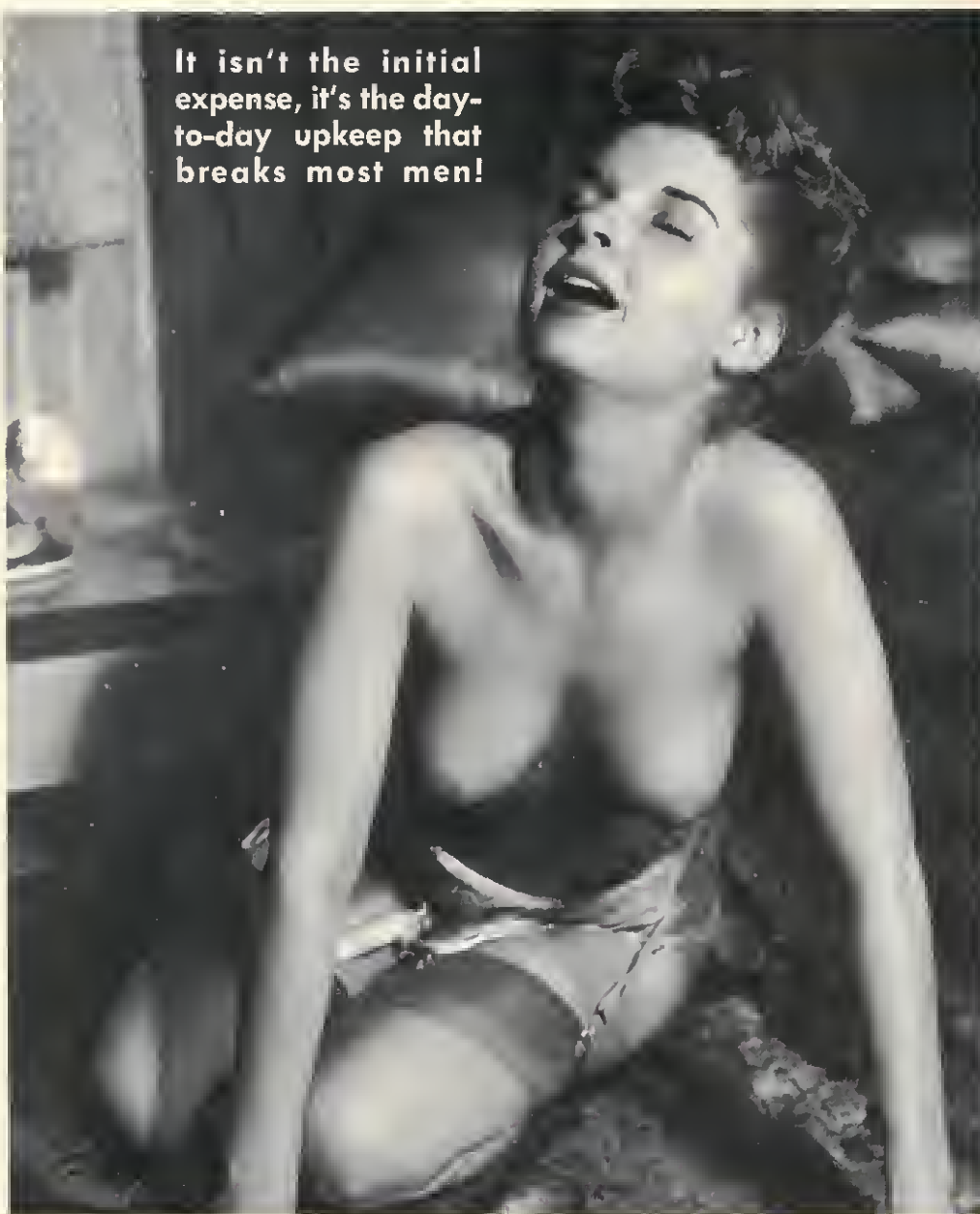
Which brings us to the deductible mistress...

AS WAS ESTABLISHED earlier, the major expense involved in keeping a mistress is the day-to-day upkeep (rent, clothing, jewelry, Jaguars, etc.), while the matter of "severance pay" seldom if ever comes up. Obviously, the economical move is to eliminate most of the aforementioned expenses.

This must be done with skill, and must not appreciably curtail the amount of clothing, rent, jewelry, Jaguars, *et al* which are necessary to the preservation of the relationship. Now since most of the items one normally buys for his mistress come under the category of "personal property," some way must be found to change categories, so that these things can be listed as "legitimate business expenses."

Here's where the proper choice of a secondary business enters the picture. The first thing you do is "hire" the doll in a secretarial capacity,

It isn't the initial expense, it's the day-to-day upkeep that breaks most men!



which will allow you to deduct her spending money. Keep this to a minimum so that the income tax *she* has to pay is minimal.

Step two involves classifying the other advantages you provide for her also as legitimate business expenses. In order to do this, you must purchase everything in the name of your secondary business, retaining title to it while giving the doll the *use* of it. Aside from being a wise financial move, such a policy provides a little incentive for her to treat you better than she might if all of these goodies became her own property and she could walk out of your life with them.

Now, of course, you are confronted with the problem of choosing a business in which all of these items are legitimate deductible expenses. After hard and serious thought, you narrow the field down to two possibilities: become a theatrical impresario (combination talent manager, press agent, producer, etc.) and strive to make the girl a night club, recording, motion picture or television star. This course of action, however, is time-consuming and has holes in it.

The best choice is to enter the field of glamour photography. This way you can chalk up her spending money to "modeling fees," and list all the clothing and trinkets you buy for her use as "props." You can even claim at least fifty percent of the rent on her apartment as "studio rental" as you use the apartment as a background for glamour photography. (Pick up some used photo equipment for your darkroom, and use your *own* domicile as a second studio and business office, and you can claim the same thing for yourself! Don't forget to include a portion of your light, gas, telephone and water bills, too...)

Everything you buy for her goes on the expense account, including a fair amount of dinner and drinks classified as "entertainment." Evening gowns, mink coats and other expensive items of wardrobe, of course, are "costumes," and remain the property of the business, providing the double advantage of having these costly trinkets remain in your possession long after the girl is gone, and giving you some items on which to claim depreciation when tax time

comes around. If you want to be nasty about it, you can even insist that those frilly lace panties and bras you paid for stay with you, but it would be unwise to claim depreciation on them. Or, if you wish to be magnanimous, you can make the grand gesture of giving them to her on the day you part.

WHEN THIS MOMENTOUS day arrives, and the poor dear has moved on, you find yourself in a much better position than the man who has simply broken up with his mistress or who has legally parted with his wife—as you still have most of the presents you bought her, and you have no court costs or alimony to pay. These presents, obviously, will be doled out gradually to your *next* mistress, and are still "company property" upon which you can claim depreciation allowances.

Now, there's only one legal hitch to the whole set-up. In order to claim these exemptions, you *must attempt to make money with the business.* In short, if you state on your tax return that your business is commercial glamour photography, you must be able to furnish proof if you're ever questioned that you have been taking glamour photographs and trying to sell them. Whatever you spend on cameras, film, lab services, etc., is also deductible, so don't worry about it. Every time you buy a new costume or prop, make a point of shooting at least one roll of film with the model wearing it. And submit some of the photographs to the various magazines which customarily buy such material.

The fact that you sell little or none of these pictures is immaterial. The Internal Revenue boys have no right to expect you to have *talent*, too, so your lack of success is simply something that worries you as an artist. But you keep trying—and you keep showing a loss.

Four percent interest is pretty fair on money invested—but financial interest makes a damn boring bed-partner.

However, if you can use the same money wisely, investing in a business of your own, and generate a more bedwarming sort of interest as a byproduct—it beats hell out of savings and loan associations!





*Fiction by* rick richards

# AGE OF CONSENT

*San Quentin Quail can be  
a pain in the neck...  
except in certain  
sunny climes!*

**N**OTHING ON God's green earth is as awful as Miami Beach when it's raining. And it was pouring.

Add to that a sudden lack of ideas (*publishable* ideas!) if you're an author; and an amorous but underage landlady's daughter—mix well—and you discover you do have a story, after all!

I'd been renting the beach cottage for six unproductive months. I'd banged out a novel for the paperbacks, sold a dozen short stories, and fought off the increasing advances of my young neighbor.

Robin was seventeen, and that's a dangerous age for any man. When it's the girl's age. Her mother had assigned her the job of keeping my cottage (which was alongside the house) neat. "Part of the service," she giggled.

The first time I'd seen Robin I'd been typing at the table by the window, looking up occasionally, out at the blue expanse of sea and sky. The surf lapping endlessly on the white silver sands had a restful effect on me, normally. Suddenly the hair on the back of my neck was standing on end—not unpleasantly—and a warm feeling filled my bones. Such was the power this seventeen-year-old girl generated, even when unseen.

"Hi, Writer," she said, in a carefully soft and sensuous voice—the kind I dream up for my stories.

I turned, and leaning in the doorway was 38-24-36 between veiled eyes and long-legged beauty.

"I'm supposed to make this house a home for you," she said quietly, in a teasing voice.

"You could do it, too," I answered, unaware of this fair young female's too-tender years.

Then, "I'm Robin, Mrs. Bradley's daughter."

"I'm Hal," I replied, "Mrs. Adam's son."

"I don't believe I've met the lady," she dead-panned, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Shes in New York City," I told her.

"Oh." She breathed deeply, effectively.

The inanities were mere vocal by-play giving me opportunity to feast my eyes on her delectable five-foot-six form (I'm tall, too); her long, brick-red hair, her azure eyes, and (being patriotic, I was sure) beneath the halter—white breasts. To say nothing of the whiteness beneath her skin-tight shorts. And the pink nipples which I couldn't see (but I can dream) and her natural red hair would do nothing to dispel the nationalistic symbolism one iota if she were unclothed, I assured myself.

I swiveled in my seat as she walked languorously to the kitchenette, returned with a dust-cloth from beneath the sink and listlessly began rearranging the minute particles of dust that were falling here and there.

"Don't let me bother you," she smiled seductively.

"Ah...but you do!" I whispered, softly.

A husky laugh, filled with pleasure, answered my truthful compliment.

She was dusting her way from the far side of the room around towards where I sat. She dusted tables, lamps, window-sills; my mind preceding her actions, I realized if I didn't move she'd have to lean across me to dust the window-sill that my

working table abutted. And unless I missed my guess she'd do just that. She was halfway around to me.

"Twenty?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"Two?"

She looked at me doubtfully for a moment.

"Twenty-two," I amended.

Her head shook again.

"Not twenty-five?" I asked.

Shake again.

"Going in the wrong direction aren't I?"

The head bobbed, her hair dancing and catching the light, falling partly across her face very provocatively with each shake and nod.

"Nineteen?"

She was dusting the floor lamp alongside my table, our knees scant inches apart.

I rested my right hand, palm almost up, on my typewriter. If I'm any judge of distance, and

she leans from where she's standing, one of those luscious globes should just about fall right into my open...

"Seventeen," she volunteered, and leaned to dust the window-sill.

I reached for a sheet of paper just in time!

She looked disappointed for a moment, then laughed softly as she continued with her work. I resumed typing, and for some reason I can't imagine the first words I typed were: 'San Quentin Quail!'

**M**ADE IT a habit to try to be out when she came in to straighten-up, and she made it a habit to wait till I returned to begin. Carrying it to the extreme of dusting my place at ten p.m. one evening and unmistakably singing, "You'll Never Get Away From Me" while doing it. Once a week a colored girl did the thorough cleaning. Robin just came in daily to give it a 'lick-and-a-prom-



**He had known women who wouldn't learn that much about love if they lived to be 100!**



ise'. Rainy days she had me neatly trapped, there was no place else to go.

After I'd been there six months, (she was now seventeen years and eight months old—I'd taken the trouble to check) she came early one day. I'd just gotten out of the shower, a towel tied loosely around my waist, still wet. I walked out of the bathroom head-long (to feet-long) into her. She caught me by placing her hands at the sides of my waist, at the top of the towel, and vixen that she had proven herself to be I half expected her to release the insecure knot that was beneath the fingers of her left hand. Her hands kept us from careening into each other completely, but even six inches apart waist-to-waist, her breasts were still pushing solidly against the wet hair my chest. They were full, firm, hot. I distinctly heard a sizzle as the beads of moisture on the two places her breasts rested, turned to steam. I could feel her nipples growing hard and the impression I had was that two warm, soft cushions with hard knobs were titilating (wonderfully apt choice of word) the gossamer bear-rug that covered my chest.

I stepped back a pace. She followed.

"Don't you like me?"

"Too much!"

"Then why?"

It was my turn to place my hands firmly at the front and sides of her waist, and push her away from me.

"Why?" she repeated as I moved her reluctantly away from me.

Her face held a sad appeal; she was asking for it, oh Lord, she was asking for it. My eyes drifted down, her halter-of-the-day was a filmy white. Do I have to tell you what wetness does to a filmy white material? She had no bra on, she didn't need one, and her pink circled nipples standing up straight and hard were as visible as if she'd removed the halter.

The muscles in my arms turned to jelly and her leaning position brought her right back against me. The only backbone I had at that moment wasn't in my back.

Her face swam in front of mine, her lips breathing warmly, directly on mine.

"Please," she murmured, "like me."

"You're seventeen," I answered weakly, not wanting to blurt out 'Jail-bait'!

"And you?"

"I'm old," softly, "I'm thirty-eight."

"Old?" she smiled beguilingly, "you're positively ancient!"

Her hands started up from my waist (my towel was safe, at least from the outside) teasingly slow, up under my arms, around to my back, up onto my shoulder blades, drawing me down and herself up to take the kiss I couldn't (and at that instant wouldn't) resist.

That kiss was no seventeen-year-old's!

I've known women who won't learn that much about kissing if they live to be a hundred. Her warm, full, sensuous lips enveloped mine.

And she didn't kiss with just her mouth. She pressed her young body close against mine. I felt her lips and her toes pasted against me. And almost everything in between. Each soft curve and cranny of hers fitting into the hard angles of my muscular body. My senses reeled. My head pounded. The cry that had helped me resist her blandishments and her appeal to my sight was nearly powerless against such a contact of the flesh. But though softly, and seeming to come from far off, I heard a weak, mental, 'San Quentin Quail!' I managed, by a great show of won't power to extricate myself from her arms.

She stood stunned as I scooped up my suit, underclothes, shirt, and fled back to the bathroom, locking the door behind me. I was breathing heavily.

After a moments' silence: "I'll be back this afternoon, to clean," she called through the door. I thought I detected a tear in her voice. Then she ran out of the house, the screen door slamming behind her.

Damn the law. And damn her parents for not getting together six months sooner.

I wished I could have told Robin that I was as disappointed (more so, in fact) as she was.

**H**ALF AN HOUR later I stood on the corner waiting for the bus, to go into the center of town. Mrs. Bradley (whom I saw only when I paid my monthly rent, or by accident), came strolling along with a friend, and stopped to chat for a moment.

"Mrs. Bilder, this is my tenant, Mr. Adams, the author. Mr. Adams, my dear friend, Mrs. Bilder."

After a cursory conversation, the ladies continued down the street.

"That's the writer-feller," I heard Mrs. Bradley's shrill whisper, "that my Robin has 'ants' for." Then her laugh rose to almost a shriek.

I wasn't amused.

"Those 'ants', Mrs. Bradley," I felt like shouting out to her, "are on a two-way street!"

I don't consider myself something to laugh at. I'm not a bad looking guy, and the 'ants' I had had for Robin were too damn itchy to be a laughing matter.

The bus came.

In town I met Hawley Harding, the literary agent who'd handled my book, and we went to the Terrace Restaurant overlooking the beach to have our lunch and discuss business. He had no idea how close I'd come to not keeping this appointment.

We dispensed with the necessary business over the cocktail and appetizer and as we were finishing our main course my head snapped up as I saw something familiar.

A kerchief covered her hair, her back was turned but the angle and fullness of breast, those deliciously animated buttocks, the long, lean, young legs. It was... was it... Robin? I leaned forward to try to see her face.

Hawley smiled at my intent interest, and when I had finally seen enough of the face to know it hadn't been Robin, he met my eyes with an amused grin.

"Like 'em young, eh?" he said. "Well Florida's the place for them."

"If you mean because they're always in bathing or play-suits, you're nuts, Hawley. Those clothes they wear are merely diabolical instruments of torture."

He smiled. "Ah, but what pleasant torture."

"Instead of a law," I said, more vehemently than I'd meant to, "that eighteen is the 'Age of Consent', they should have a law making those tender young morsels wear burlap sacks till they reach eighteen!"

"Eighteen?" he said, doubtfully. "You're living in the past, Hal. Back home in New York the Age of Consent is eighteen. Not in Florida. Here, my boy, it's ten!"

"What!" I said, half rising in my chair.

"Why?" asked Hawley, half-leering and half-laughing. "Have you got a couple of hot ten year olds for us, lad?"

I sat stunned.

"You're sure?" I asked, un-sure.

"I'm sure!" Hawley stated unequivocally. Then, "Give you an idea for a story, Hal?"

"Yeah," I answered, grinning, "a happy ending to a story that's been working on me for six months."

He looked at me curiously.

"Hawley," I asked as I rose, "do you mind if I skip desert? There's something I want to get right to work on." (I'd never said a truer set of words!)

He excused me graciously, I left at a run. I debated running all the way home, but since it was seventy blocks I decided to wait for the bus. I didn't want to arrive home exhausted. I had other plans for getting exhausted.

**T**HE BUS took all day, it seemed, but it finally got there and I did run the last half block to the cottage door. I opened it quietly, no Robin. I tip-toed to the kitchenette. She was on a low foot-stool straining the strength of her halter's material to the limit by stretching to dust over the window there. I almost gasped at the appearance of nudity the tight cloth gave her.

I grabbed her around the waist, lifting her off the stool, and carried her to the bed, setting her down gently. Her first reaction—being startled—was now replaced by one of anticipation as I removed my jacket, tossed it on a chair and kicked the outer door closed with my foot. She lay on the bed, propped on an elbow, watching me with open approval as I removed my shirt and trousers, socks and shoes, stripping to the swim trunks that I'd taken to wearing as shorts in Florida (one could never tell when one would want to get one's feet wet!).

As I lowered myself to the bed beside her, Robin ran her fingers through the curly black hair that covered my chest and I noticed the start of a film coming over her eyes as I drew her close and picked up where we'd left off that morning. Our lips locked once more, our arms held each other tightly, our legs intertwined. My hands did not rest idly this time. Her halter and shorts came off easily. We were soon rivaling the breakers on the beach outside, beating ourselves into oblivion on the shores of the promised land. We went a great distance, at a great rate of speed, for a great length of time and arrived there together. Only to find ourselves back on my bed, spent, but well situated for the launching of another trip after we had rested.

We lay locked together and I was cursing myself for a fool for having wasted six precious months.

Robin was only seventeen if you went by chronological age.

In bed... she was as old as sin!

# TRY THIS IN YOUR BACKYARD



*I met my love on a trampoline,  
Her hair is fair and her body lean,  
... Bounce, Bounce, Bounce*

**I** INVITED YOU HERE to try now  
My flying machine and see how  
You Jounce, Jounce, Jounce.

Now at last you've appeared  
And the moment has neared  
to Bounce, Bounce, Bounce.

As I watch your ascension  
I tell you my tension  
Mounts, Mounts, Mounts.

And when you descend  
With nary a bend,  
More Bounce — to the ounce!

You fly up so high  
With a flash of white thigh,  
Flounce, Flounce, Flounce.

Your curves are like Wow,  
I wish I knew how  
To pronounce-nounce-nounce

My passion for you;  
But it's damn hard with you  
Going Bounce, Bounce, Bounce.

I've decide to try  
Making love on the fly  
So I pounce, bounce, bounce.

With a delicate leap  
I land at your fee(p)t  
And Bounce, Bounce, Bounce.

The trouble with this is  
My timing just misses —  
Jounce, Jounce, Jounce.

What's up must come down,  
And the other way roun',  
It's Bounce, Jounce, Bounce.

And each time we pass  
All I see is your, oh!  
— Bounce, Wow! Bounce.

At last I am with 'em,  
I've got the right rhythm,  
Jounce, Together, Bounce.

Now I've caught your eye  
As we fly through the sky,  
Bounce, Bounce, Bounce.

With no reservation  
I vow adoration,  
Oh, Bounce! and Oh, Jounce!

And from your expression  
You return my affection,  
Yea, Verily, Bounce! and Jounce!

With proper discretion  
We'll consummate peshion,  
With a Bounce, Bounce, Bounce.

I've now found a girl  
Who will give it a whirl  
With a Jounce, Jounce, Jounce.

Now each moment counts,  
For we must make allowance  
For the Bounce, Jounce, Bounce.

Bounce, Pounce,  
Jounce,

(Tension mounts)

Bounce, Bounce, BOUNCE,

Bounce, BOUNCE, BOUNCE



# HOOP-LA and LOTS o' LUCK!



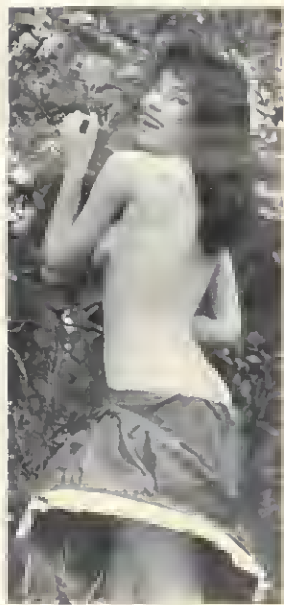
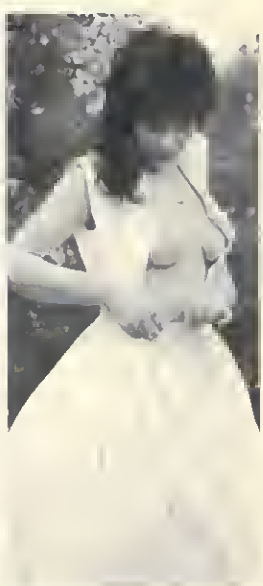
## one skirt, room

The problems involved in modern hoop skirts are as nothing when compared to days gone by, when girls wore an easy twenty pounds of hoops, bustles, corsets, buckles and various other straight-laced impediments to action. Today's girl is a different delight altogether, although in the altogether most women are the same *(it says here in small print).*

The most practical aspect of 1960 hoop skirts is that they're easy for a gal to get out of, as our shapely siren demonstrates on these pages. Just one more public service from NIGHTCAP to you!



**girl, one hoop.  
and lots of  
to take it off!**









































## by LARRY MADDOCK

THE GIRL was blonde, and obviously built for her profession. "You must be Bob Milford," she said brightly, closing the door after her. "I'm Sally." She looked around the house approvingly. "Nice place you got here, honey. Where's the bedroom?"

Bob grinned nervously at her, his eyes feasting on her cleavage, interestingly exposed by the low-cut neckline. Outside, he could hear the taxi pull away from the curb, leaving the two of them alone in the empty house. "Upstairs," he said, trying to make his voice as casual as hers. "Uh—would you like a drink?"

She shook her head. "I never drink on the job," she said. "You ought to know that."

Bob gulped. "Did Tiny explain the whole deal to you?" he asked, blushing in spite of himself.

"He sure did, honey. And don't you feel ashamed about it, you hear? Besides, I'll bet you learn real quick."

"I'll—I'll do my best," he said.

A few minutes later in the bedroom she turned to him again, this time maddeningly close, letting one firm breast brush his arm. Bob took a quick breath.

"Honey," she laughed, "I won't bite—unless you want me to. Now be a good boy and help me out of this dress."

"Okay," he grinned. Sally turned her back, and Bob's trembling fingers found the zipper tab. He pulled it down to the base of her spine and watched in fascination as she shrugged out of the dress. "The bra, too, will you?" she asked.

"S-s-sure," he stammered, and reached for the brassiere fastening in the middle of her back. Sally moved backwards, pressing her silk-clad derriere against him. Bob's blood pressure soared wildly, but he managed to unhook her bra. She moved her shoulders sensuously and the bra slid down her arms.

Then she turned around and Bob's eyes gaped at her lush nakedness. Sally smiled reassuringly at him and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her black lace panties.

"Tiny wasn't kidding, was he, when he said you'd never had a woman?"

Bob's hands moved towards her and then he froze.

"Go ahead," she smiled. "That's what I'm here for. You want to take 'em off for me?" She rolled her hips invitingly, reaching for him with slim fingers.

The lesson lasted two hours, at the end of which Sally got out of bed and put her clothes on again. "You *do* learn fast," she observed. "Zip me up?"

Bob got unsteadily to his feet and helped her with the dress. "Wow!" he exclaimed. "For twenty-one years I've been missing the boat!"

The blonde smiled. "You ought to do fine with your little girlfriend now," she said. "If you remember what I taught you. But take it easy—step by step, like I told you—'cause she's not a pro. But you'll make out okay, once you get started."

"Maybe I can teach *her* a few things," he suggested.

Sally made quick repairs to her make-up while she talked. "You'll probably have to. If all girls knew every trick to this trade, I'd be out of business. And speaking of business..."

Bob reached for his wallet. "How much?" he asked.

"Well, honey, business *has* been a little slow, and tomorrow's rent day—I'll admit I'm a bit short. Could you manage to loan me fifty?"

"Fifty? Tiny said twenty-five."

"That's for an hour, honey. I got here at ten and here it is noon already. And I don't usually get *up* until this time. You're not going to

be a spoil-sport, are you?"

"Okay," he conceded, handing her fifty dollars. "It was worth it."

"You're a sweetheart," she said, depositing the bills in her purse and kissing him lightly on the cheek.

After she was gone Bob had to admit that she was indeed a well-qualified teacher, and that it was worth the extra twenty-five. Exhausted, he poured himself another drink and sank weakly into his favorite arm-chair.

IT HAD STARTED with Linda Sorensen, the bouncy, busty brunette waitress at Sonny's cafe, half a block from Tiny's One-Stop Station, where Bob Milford worked. Linda had moved into town three weeks ago, and Bob wanted her from the start, which was only natural as she had large, gray-green eyes, a moist inviting mouth, and a body designed to keep the male half of any population intensely interested in continuing the race.

Linda, Bob was certain, never suspected the fact that despite his blonde, wavy-haired good looks

and his lazy grin, Bob Milford was a twenty-one-year-old virgin. And it bothered the hell out of him.

It was his employer, two-hundred pound Tiny Nielson, who had suggested that the handsome service station attendant learn something about sex before dating Linda. In fact, Tiny had lined up the teacher. Bob was surprised that Tiny even *knew* any woman like that.

But Tiny, Bob discovered, hadn't lived all his life among Eaton Falls' three thousand small town inhabitants. Bob was glad he had expressed his fears to his employer before trying to date the curvaceous Linda.

HOW WAS IT, kid?" Tiny's voice boomed across the concrete apron as Bob approached the pumps.

"Pretty good," Bob admitted sheepishly.

Tiny lowered his voice to a harsh whisper. "Sally's one of the best. I remember, before I was married..."

"She knows her business," Bob said shortly, cutting off Tiny's salacious reminiscences.

Tiny grinned. "There's no better

teacher in the world. And you look healthier all of a sudden, too. You ready for the main event?"

"You mean Linda?"

"I'm not talking about Sugar Ray. Now get your tail down to Sonny's and talk to the girl. Tell her you want to take her dancing."

"But Tiny," Bob protested. "I don't dance."

Tiny frowned in concentration. "Can you swim?"

"Yeah."

"She can, too. I saw her out to Narrow Lake a week ago when Martha and I took the kids on a picnic. Tell her you got an urge to go swimming and invite her to come along."

"But how does that lead to —"

"Jeez, kid, do I have to draw pictures? Now listen close and I'll plan the whole campaign for you."

Tiny then outlined an approach which he all but guaranteed would work. When he finished he clapped his hand on Bob's shoulder and said, "Now go ask her."

HERE WERE THREE other customers in the place when Bob walked in. He sat at the counter and



The warm length of her thigh was against his as Linda snuggled closer...!



# BEGINNER'S LUCK

HE HAD NEVER DONE IT BEFORE, AND  
KNEW HE HAD TO DO IT RIGHT, FOR  
TONIGHT HE WAS SLATED TO SEDUCE  
AN EAGER AMATEUR!

waited for Linda to come over. Somehow, after this morning's session with Sally, Bob felt more confident than ever before in his life.

"Hi," she said. "Coffee?"  
"What else?" he responded. How a girl could put so much invitation into the two words *hi* and *coffee* was astonishing. His eyes followed her provocative figure as she turned gracefully to the coffee urn, bent low to scoop up a cup and saucer, and drew off a portion of the steaming fluid.

She placed it in front of him. Bob was so entranced by the way her breasts strained against the nylon uniform that he almost forgot his next line, but fortunately the girl lingered for a moment. "The coffee looks good, too," he observed, pleased with the relative ease with which the words came out.

One perfect eyebrow arched in interest. "Thank you, I guess," she said.

"I'll bet you look like a million bucks in a bathing suit," he continued daringly.

A small smile graced her lips, and Bob could see hints of laughter in her gray-green eyes. "Thank you again," she said, "but that's not on the menu."

"You know," he said, finding it increasingly easy to get with the line Tiny had furnished, "one of my ambitions is to *have* a million bucks someday."

"How you going to make it working at a filling station?" she teased.

"I'll get around to it," he assured her. "But like I said, you probably *look* like a million bucks in a bathing suit."

"Tell me more," she smiled. "Flattery will get you anywhere."

"I thought you might like to make me feel rich," he said.

"Now just how can I do that?"

"Just pour that million dollar figure into a swim suit," shy, retiring Bob Milford heard himself say, "and join me in a swim when you get off this afternoon."

"I thought you had to work tonight," she countered.

Bob shook his head. "Day off. Is it a date?"

She pursed her lips for a moment. "Sounds like fun. I don't get off until six-thirty, though, and by then I'm hungry as all get-out," she hinted.

"We can get something to eat on the way," he said. "Want me to pick you up here, or at your place?"

"You know where I live?" Mild surprise.

Bob grinned disarmingly, dazed with his own success. "Do you think I'd let a beautiful girl move into town without finding out where she lives?"

"Pick me up there at seven," she suggested.

LOVELY LINDA wore a filmy, low-cut blouse with a dark, form-fitting skirt, carrying her suit and towel in a small vanity case. She laughed as she slid into the front seat of Bob's trusty four-year-old convertible.

"Where do we eat?" she inquired, adding, "I'm simply starved!"

"I have a place in mind that I know you've never been before," he said, easing the convert from the curb. "Do you like Hungarian goulash prepared by an expert?"

"Love it. But right now I'd settle for a hot-dog."

"Nothing but the best for the best," he assured her.

"Say, do you always say such nice things to girls?"

"Depends on the girl."

More of the same sort of light-hearted badinage filled the journey to Bob's house. As he pulled into the driveway, he explained, "I forgot my trunks. Want to come in and see my mansion?"

"This is yours?"

"Every inch of it. I inherited it when my mother died."

"Nice house," she commented as he let her in the front door. "Mmmmm — what's that I smell?"

"That, my lovely, is our Hungarian goulash, prepared by an expert — me."

Linda shot him a quick, bemused glance. "You didn't tell me you're a cook, too," she accused.

"I'm a one-dish chef," he admitted. "Goulash is my only specialty. Come in to my parlor."

The girl was stunned, but her hunger was real, and within a few minutes they were both digging into the steaming concoction. At Tiny's suggestion, Bob had picked up some table wine and the makings for cocktails, and used them to advantage.

"Delicious!" she breathed, after the last mouthful.

"I thought you'd like it. I only know of one dish more appetizing than my goulash."

"Oh? What's that?"

"A certain beautiful brunette who's sitting across the table from me right now."

"You're nice," she said. "Can I do the dishes, or something?"

"Something, yes," he smiled. "The dishes we'll just take into the kitchen and forget about."

Languidly, she got up from the table and picked up some of the dishes. Bob followed suit. He could feel the crucial moment arriving, and braced himself to handle it with his new-found suavity. Once the china and silver had been deposited in the sink, he reached for her hand and pulled her gently closer. She looked at him quizzically.

"You are beautiful," he said.

"You intoxicate me."

"You're sure it isn't the wine?" she asked lightly, her eyes sparkling.

"I'm sure." Without resistance, she responded to the gentle pressure of his hand and moved into his arms, her ripe curves flowing against him, her luscious lips seeking his in a kiss which was more than simple gratitude for a good meal.

Embracing Linda was subtly different from embracing a hired prostitute. Maybe it was the fact that he had wanted her from the first time he saw her, maybe it was partly the wine, perhaps it was know-

ing that she was cooperating out of a personal desire to do so. And then, it could have been the uncertainty of the outcome — like fly-fishing as opposed to buying a four-pound trout at a fish market. Whatever it was, it was like being borne along on the crest of a wave.

When at last they broke from each other's embrace, Bob gently inquired, "Now would you like to see the rest of the house?"

"I'd love it."

The first floor he disposed of with a wave of the hand. "It's not the neatest place in the world," he admitted, "but it's home. Actually, I don't spend too much time here."

"What's upstairs?"

"Bedrooms, sundeck, and my game room."

"That sounds interesting. The sundeck and game room, I mean."

"Follow me."

Bob led the way upstairs and through a short corridor with several closed doors. At the end of the corridor was a smaller door leading to the flat roof over the garage and back wing of the lower story. Bob opened it and ushered her outside.



"From here, you have an uninterrupted view of some of the most spectacular sunsets in this part of the country," he told her. "There's one just starting now."

"It's beautiful," she breathed, stepping closer to him, so that the warm length of her thigh was against his. It was only natural that his arm should go around her waist.

"Almost as beautiful as you are," he said.

Linda snuggled closer.

"You know," he said, after a moment, "my main motive in inviting you to go swimming was to get a look at you in a bathing suit."

"It's in the car."

"I know. You might as well change here, don't you think?"

Linda smiled up at him. "That might give you ideas," she warned. "And we wouldn't want that to happen."

"No, we wouldn't want that to happen at all. Let's go inside."

They squeezed through the small door and stood once again in the upstairs corridor.

"Hey!" she said. "You didn't show me that game room."

"You really want to see it?"

"Why not?"

HE TOOK HER by the hand and led her to one of the closed doors. "Close your eyes," he directed, "and when I tell you to, take three steps forward."

"Okay," she grinned, squeezing her eyes shut.

Bob opened the door and stepped inside. "Now," he said.

The girl stepped forward, clearing the door (which he swung gently shut behind her) and walking into his open arms. She kissed him warmly before opening her eyes.

"That's the kind of game I like," she murmured, then looked around her. "Why, this is a bedroom!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I can *call* it a game room, can't I?" he laughed, pulling her close once again. This time more than her lips got into the act.

Somehow, in the course of the next half hour, her clothing joined his on a convenient chair, the bed became exceedingly rumpled, and both of them developed a delightful shortness of breath. The charms he had gazed upon so longingly with every cup of coffee at Sonny's Cafe became familiar territory to his eager hands and lips, and the skills he had learned just a few short hours ago delighted the willing owner of those selfsame charms.

"Mmmmm!" she breathed. "This is so much better than swimming!"

Bob's fingers traced one firm curve after another, playing a little tattoo of desire here and there on her resilient young body. Linda's fingers weren't exactly quiet, either, and, with the help of other parts of her anatomy, inspired him to several mutually satisfying encores. Finally, each was completely satiated, and Bob was floating on a misty cloud of physical and emotional fulfillment.

He pulled her close to him once again. "Would you care to stay for breakfast?"

"I'd love to," she murmured. "But I've got to get some sleep — and I don't think either of us would get much sleep if I stayed overnight. It's nearly midnight now."

"You mean I've got to drive you home in this condition?"

She laughed softly, and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. "I'll fix us some coffee first," she offered.

"Okay, if you insist. When's your day off?"

"Tuesday."

"How about another 'swim' Monday night, and you can stay and fix breakfast."

"I'll think about it," she said, standing now and bending over to let her mammarian treasures settle into the bra cups. "Hook me up, darling?"

"With pleasure."

"I hate to mention this right now, Bobby," she said hesitantly, "but maybe you can help me with a problem."

"Try me," he laughed.

"Well, you see," she began, "my rent is due tomorrow and I'd forgotten about it and spent the money on something else. I'm a little short."

"I — ah — I think I understand. How much do you need?"

There was a pause, and from somewhere in the house came the echo of Sally's laughter. "Would ten dollars be too much?" Linda asked shyly.

Bob grinned, and reached for his wallet. "I think ten would be just about right," he said dryly.

She took the money and tucked it in her purse. "You're a doll. And I'll try to make it Monday night, okay?"

"I think," he said slowly, "that I just might have another ten to spare Tuesday morning."

Linda kissed him lightly on the cheek. "You are a doll," she averred. "I knew you'd understand."



How does she look in  
the early morning?  
Before you get  
serious it  
would be  
wise to  
find  
out!







# THE ACID TEST!!!

...of a beautiful girl is simplicity itself — is she still beautiful in the early morning, minus last night's makeup & frilly finery? If she retains that pleasant power to excite as she does late at night, she passes the test. Every dedicated NIGHTCAPPER should find out things like this at his earliest opportunity...



## the saga of cyril the cymbalist

# TEACHING an old bawd NEW TRICKS

**W**E'VE ALL HEARD the ancient adage that says a reformed harlot makes the best wife. Naturally, nobody believes that kind of hogwash except a confirmed cretin — which brings us to Cyril Schmeeril, the cynical cymbalist.

Cyril was a mixed-up, moody musician. He played the cymbals because he hated music, and if that reasoning sounds cockeyed it'll give you an idea of the way Cyril's mind worked. He also believed practically everything he heard, particularly if it made no sense. A senile old aunt who was half blind once said to him: "Cyril, you're a nice boy. You should find a nice girl and get married." So Cyril tried but all he got was frustration, because nobody would invite him to come to parties and bring his cymbals. And every time he *did* meet a nice girl she looked at him with ill-concealed loathing, or took him for every dime or both. This made him Cynical Cyril Schmeeril, but it didn't make him smarter.

But Cyril could still dream, and he did. He felt he met a better class of broads that way. Until the happy day he met his Dream Girl!



She was a delectable little dish named Hermione Prosnitz, and he knew she was a nice girl because instead of asking to be taken to a swanky restaurant, or dancing at a night club she suggested a cozy dinner at her apartment. If Cyril would just pick up a few things?

So Cyril arrived, loaded down with *pates*, *filet mignons*, and other gourmet groceries, which he cooked for his dimpled darling. After dinner she offered him a drink, only it seemed she had just run out of liquor. Cyril beamed at her and asked her what she'd like, and she coyly confessed she'd always wanted to try champagne.

Happily, Cyril raced downstairs and came back bearing a magnum of Pol Roger. When she tasted it she wrinkled her nose and said the bubbles tickled and Cyril thought that was cute, which just goes to show you.

An hour later the level in the hottle was dropping and Cyril's spirits were soaring. Shyly, he asked for a kiss, and Hermione turned her dreamy eyes on him, her lips invitingly parted. "I think I'd like some fresh air," she murmured, and hiccupped in his face. "Do you have a car?"

"Oh, yes," Cyril assured her. "Right downstairs."

She stretched, which did interesting things to the neckline of her dress. "A drive in the country always makes me feel romantic," she purred, and Cyril nodded eagerly. "And could you take the top down?"

"Of course, beloved," Cyril panted, "*anything* for you. I'll run right down and do it."

When Cyril knocked on her door four hours later Hermione had already given in to the Sandman. (Moe Sandman, that is; a hairy-chested horse player who lived upstairs.) She had cream on her face and mayhem on her mind as she opened the door.

"What the hell happened to you?" she rasped. "You were gonna take the top down four hours ago."

"I did, beloved," said Cyril. "But I only had a can opener and a hacksaw. You see, my car isn't a convertible."

"Blow, schmol!" she screamed, and heaved the bottle at



him, which she had shrewdly emptied first. And the door slammed on Cyril's romance.

He was still brooding about his lost love when he played a concert with the South Dunghill Symphonette. Cyril had always had trouble counting above ten, even with his shoes off, so he had a time counting "rest" bars between cymbal crashes. But he had a deal with the snare drummer who would goose him with a drumstick two beats before a crash.

Cyril was also concerned about his roofless jalopy, because it was raining and winter was coming on.

They were playing a rousing rendition of the 1812 Overture when the snare drummer swooped forward with his stick, Cyril said "Whoops!" counted two beats, then made a fine, brassy clang with his cymbals. Then he asked the drummer for the address of a good used car lot. With the cymbal crash still ringing in his ears the drummer shouted "What?" and Cyril shouted back "A good CAR LOT!" The drummer misunderstood, and, thinking of the finer things of life, he gave Cyril an address. And when Cyril went there the next day he found himself in a *maison de joie* (joyous mason).

It was there that he met Bawdy Maudie, the doll with the delectable dimensions. Maudie, as you may have guessed, was a *fille de joie* (joyful filly) and a credit to her profession, because with Maudie business was business and the customer always came first. She was a buxom, creamy-skinned blonde and she had a bubbling big bosom, small waist, large clientele and very little imagination so she was a happy harlot until Cyril blundered into her bordello.

Cyril realized there had been a mistake, but since he hadn't brought his cymbals he decided to play his strumpet, with results that were truly impressive. He hadn't had such a shattering experience since the last time he'd caught his nose between the cymbals and he decided that Maudie was the answer to a layman's prayer. He feasted his eyes as mother-naked Maudie languidly arose and retrieved her gun from the bedpost. All the good girls he'd known had turned out bad, and everybody said that



reformed tarts made the best wives. Also, his brains were addled from all that cymbal crashing.

"Look," said Cyril, "I'd like to — uh — like, ask you something."

Maudie gave him a look of profound ennui as she shrugged into her slip. "I know," she sighed. "What's a nice girl like me doing in a joint like this? And the answer is 'Just lucky, I guess!' And the gag's older'n you are, buster, so unless you wanna buy a ticket for another round I got business."

"No — no," stammered Cyril. "I mean, I want you for my wife."

"Oh, one of *those*," smirked Maudie. "Well, your wife can damned well ask me herself."

"You don't understand," Cyril pleaded. "I mean, like, I'm offering to take you out of all this."

Maudie looked at him shrewdly. "You mean you know a better hook shop?" she asked. "I don't go for those South American deals."

"You don't understand," Cyril said. "I want to marry

**HUMOR by JACK HANLEY**



you if you think you could learn to love me."

"Could be," Maudie murmured, thinking of the various things she'd learned in her somewhat speckled career. And marriage was one thing she'd never tried. The only thing, in fact. And whereas some girls lived to love, Maudie had always loved to live and Cyril was no worse than some of the specimens she had entertained. So she shrugged.

"I learned to love snails and caviar," she said looking him over, "and I got a strong stomach. But I don't dig you. What's the pitch?"

"A-440, International concert pitch," Cyril answered. Then at her blank look: "You see, I'm a musician."

"Oh-h-h," Maudie said. "That figures. The last musician I had tried to run a tab on me, the cheap crumb!"

"You need have no fear," Cyril assured her. "I have an adequate income."

"And you mean I won't have to turn no more tricks?"

"Of course not. You'll just keep house..."

Maudie's eyes lit up. "Hey — I've always wanted to run my own house. No more climbing them god-dam stairs."

"... and you'll bear my children," Cyril finished. "Of course, we'll have to have blood tests."

"Fake it, kid, fake it!" Maudie chortled, slapping him on the back. "I gotta file of Wassermanns from 'way back."

And so they were married at City Hall by a clerk who, as a former client of Maudie's, gave them a cut rate. Cyril had the snare drummer as best man, and he tried to prove it in a broom closet almost immediately after the ceremony. And from force of habit Maudie was good-naturedly cooperating until she remembered her transition from wanton to wife and fetched him a clout across the chops with a wet mop.

Maudie moved into Cyril's apartment but, alas, Cyril's silly dream of a domesticated Delilah didn't quite work out.

When she awakened at approximately noon, Maudie opened one bleary eye and asked where the hell the maid was with the coffee. Cyril reminded her that they didn't have a maid.

"Well, then, *get* one, stupid!" she growled, turning over.

And when, after wading knee-deep in empty gin bottles, beer cans and cigarette butts he suggested that she might clean up the house she reminded him pungently that while she'd worked in a house she was no double obscenity house-worker.

The worst was when he approached her amorously. She'd come out of the shower, all round and rosy pink, and Cyril started to caress some of her more protuberant prominences while drooling gently. He got a smart slap across the knuckles.

"Keep your chicken-pluckin' paws offa me," she snapped.

"Maudie — I was only trying..." he started.

"I know what you was trying," she pouted, pushing him firmly away. "You told me I didn't have to turn no more tricks."

"But you're my *wife*," Cyril wailed. "Don't you understand what that means?"

"Yeah," Maudie yawned. "It means that you expect me to get my own coffee, clean up this joint and put out for free. Get lost cymbalist."

And so Maudie not only did not bear Cyril's children but after a while she couldn't bear Cyril, so she went back to the house that was not a home, but a damned comfortable place to live.

A SLOW, PRIMITIVE drum beat sets the mood, highlighted by the sensuous wail of a muted clarinet. Into the rainbow-edged spot of light steps a young, sultry brunette. She breathes, and so does the audience, as all eyes are riveted on her lush young body.

The girl in the evening gown begins to remove her clothes, and with each garment she becomes more and more the personification of the throbbing drum-mood.

Her eyes flash, and a slow smile is on her lips. Her body undulates in time to the music — she is Eternal Woman; you are Eternal Man, watching her in some pagan jungle clearing, as she projects a message as old as the human race itself.

At the climax of her act the girl is clothed in perspiration and the legal minimum, while each man in the audience clings to excitement of her presence. She walks off with a final flip of her firm behind, and the lights go up again for the comic.

SULTRY, 22-YEAR-OLD Angel Sins is a Texas-born beauty who worked briefly as a model before turning her torrid terpsichorial talents to the art of stripping.

Asked why she decided to become an ecdysiast, Angel batted her long eyelashes and smiled. "I like it," she said. "I'm basically a creative person, and this sort of dancing gives me an opportunity to create something beautiful, and to evoke a feeling of *rappor*t with my audience."

With Angel, stripping started out as a craft and has become an art. Audiences at L.A.'s *El Rancho* agree that Angel's 39-21-37 frame would be fine art even if she didn't move a muscle.

This sensuous, flashing-eyed 5'5" brunette is a college graduate with a pre-med course under her belt. Her academic study of anatomy doubtlessly is a contributing factor in controlling her own delightful anatomy.

Angel projects a feeling of lazy sex as she works on the small stage, and it's a feeling which carries over into her daytime life. "I guess I'm a 'part-time night people'," she draws. "I like the daylight hours, but at night I become someone else."

It's that someone else who gets so wrapped up in her dancing that she forgets there's an audience out front, although she says, "a good audience inspires me. It's something almost metaphysical, you know. I can feel the waves of appreciation radiating from the audience."

Stripping, with Angel, is more than just a job; it's "an expression of the inner self." Angel is strong on self-expression. In her spare time she writes deep, moody short stories and poetry. Between turns on stage she is often found with a small notebook in front of her, jotting down ideas for her writing.

She's a strange girl, given to moments of extreme moodiness. "I *feel* things more deeply than most people," she contends. "Like in my work. Sure, every minute I'm on that stage I'm selling sex with my dancing. I don't think sex should be dirty. Sex is one of the most vital and one of the most beautiful things on earth."

"Any plans for marriage?" NIGHTCAP asked, and she replied:

"Not at the moment. I'm still looking."

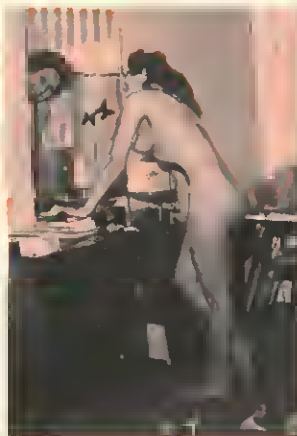
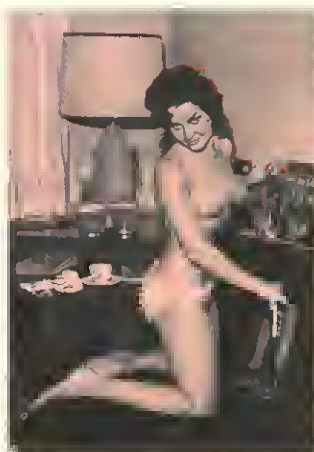
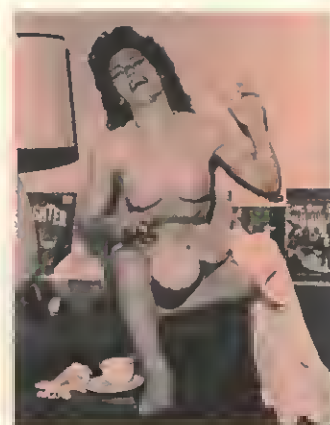
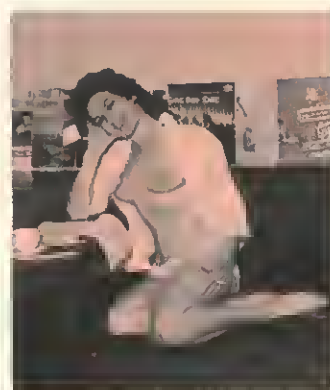
Asked what kind of man she was looking for, she filled us in. "I don't go for the fast operator. The kind of man I like is courteous, well-mannered, and — most important — sincere. I think sincerity is the most vital part of anyone's personality."

His outside interests could include almost anything, she added, "as long as he likes *me*."

Angel is billed as *The Unforgettable* Angel Sins, and there's not much more we can do to improve upon that description...

## Angel Sins ... six nights a week

## NIGHTCAPPER







Keep them ignorant of each other  
and lead a quadruple life if you  
want to be a roving Romeo!

ARTICLE BY JULES JACKSON



## HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY HAREM

**W**OMEN, AS ANY FOOL can see, are basically monogamous. That is, each woman prefers to be the only 'girl in your life. And the way to keep her happy lies in convincing her that she is.

Men, on the other hand, are predominantly polygamous, liking life to be composed of many facets — and liking their love life to include two or more fabulous females at the same time.

Obviously, an honest approach to this problem is out of the question — which brings up another curious fact about the nature of women. Most dolls want their men to be strictly honest with them, but every experienced male learns that this isn't what they want at all. So the alert loinsman develops a flavor of honesty which cloaks a truly fantastic fabric of deceit.

Let's get personal. You, we assume, are a normal male somewhere between the ages of "I want to" and "I'm still capable of doing it." Unless you're manning a remote early-warning outpost somewhere in the wilds of northern Canada (in which case this magazine is somethink like a bartender's guide in the middle of the Sahara), you are reasonably surrounded by winsome wenches, and have either appropriated one for yourself or are serious considering it.

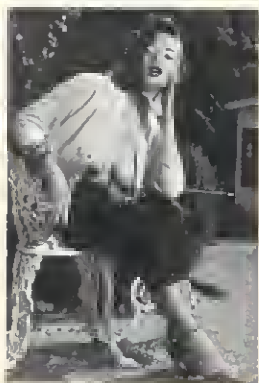
The text for today's sermon is simple, if somewhat disjointed: "Now King Solomon was the wisest man in all of Israel; he had one thousand wives and concubines."

It stands to reason, if we are to believe the implications inherent in the above quotation, that the wise man has a pretty active and rather varied love life. What was ignored in the above was the significant fact that Solomon was also the *richest* man in all of Israel. What with the present income tax structure, no living American can afford to keep a thousand lissome lasses in his harem. Not to mention the illegality of the whole thing.

But most of us, if we play our cards right, can afford to enjoy the delights of two or three delectable dolls. Knowing the nature of women, and being cognizant of the subversive propaganda spread daily by the Anns, Abagails and Amys of this world, the major problem is a tactical one. *To wit: how to keep a bevy of beauteous babes happy with the situation.*

As in all complicated matters of this sort, there is one underlying principal which should be borne in mind at all times: *Convince each*





She's happy not knowing  
that her one-and-only is...

of them that she is your one and only.

This is far easier to do than it would seem on the surface. True, women love nothing better than to monopolize a man's time. And his money. So something must be done to persuade her that she is receiving every possible consideration in both departments.

**S**TEP ONE consists of being a truly hard-working man. The way has been paved by a woman to whom all ambitious loinsmen owe a vote of thanks — one Miss Margaret Mead, leading female anthropologist of our time. Miss Mead recently went on record with the statement that nothing of value was ever accomplished in an eight-hour day. Obviously, then, if a man is to accomplish something worthwhile with his life, he must spend more than eight hours a day working at it. He must have a Goal.

Most women are a trifle annoyed when their men work so hard, but deep inside they're proud as the proverbial peacock when a man devotes his life to a worthwhile goal — and they're supremely happy to be able to contribute in some small measure to his success.

Of course, you, having other fish to fry, have selected a means of livelihood which takes only a minimum of time from your Real Goal, keeping a happy harem. You are careful at all times to keep this Fact of Life to yourself.

Step two provides a financial out — sure, you're making two hundred a week now, after a long hard pull, but you're saddled with a load of debts which you are only now heroically paying off. That's why you have so little money available for the enjoyments of life. Your devotion to paying off your creditors is another virtue which in *her* eyes lends strength to your character, and makes you even more desirable.

Step three — your job is so demanding that you can never, under any circumstances, be bothered by telephone calls, etc., while working. To make it up to her (each *her* in the harem), what time you do spend with her is devoted solely to her. You refuse to even discuss your work on your off hours.

Hearkening back to our primary Underlying Principal of convincing each doll that she is your one and only, you must take great pains to keep your various harem members oblivious of the fact that a harem exists at all. This demands picking your paramours with care, and seeing to it that they never come in contact with each other. A hit of study can guarantee reasonable success in this field. Inasmuch as the world is quite full of willing wenches, the first step consists of segregating them geographically.

**O**BTAIN A GOOD MAP of your potential area of operations and section it off. Locate your first, or current, mistress on the map. Since four women is the maximum number which a normal man can schedule into his life, make *her* address the exact center of section one, which should occupy one-quarter of the map.

Here, willpower enters the scene, as from this moment on you should resist all temptation to romance any other woman located in this same geographical sector. There's plenty of territory left, and the law of averages dictates the existence of a goodly number of likely prospects in each of the three remaining sectors.

From here on in, whenever the urge strikes you to add a mistress, do your hunting only in the unoccupied territory. (Operating under a different name in each area is a good piece of insurance).

Further subdivision is essential. Never conduct concurrent affairs with two girls from the same social strata, members of the same club, employees in the same industry, customers of the same hairdresser, etc. If number one is a society girl, number two should be a waitress, number three a private secretary, four an airline stewardess, etc. Intelligent selection of bedpartners precludes the possibility of any two of them ever getting together at the same place and bragging about their respective boyfriends.

Care should also be taken regarding the public places to which you escort your various girls. In any metropolitan area there are a number of good restaurants. Become familiar with a dozen of them, establishing yourself in one identity with the first three, a second identity with the second three, etc. As far as each girl is concerned, you patronize only three places. The same goes for cocktail lounges, theaters, dance halls, and other places of public entertainment.

If you ever take more than one girl to the beach, make sure it's a different beach for each.

By following the above rules, and adhering to the general principle behind them, it is possible to keep as many women as you can comfortably handle convinced that you are loyal only to *her*, and are devoting as much time, energy and income to her alone as your crowded work and debt-repayment schedule will allow. Thus, you satisfy her one-man-one-woman requirements and your own one-man-several-women proclivities. And everybody's happy.

This is the only way, in the world as we know it today, for an American on American soil to keep a happy harem.

Good luck, Sahib!

...this delightful  
doll's one-and-  
only, too! All 3  
girls share his  
time and talents,  
with none the  
wiser. Neat, eh?







# EVERY MAN SHOULD FALL IN LOVE ... ONCE

but after that  
he should never let  
it happen again!

By ANDREW MORGAN



**E**VERY MAN should fall in love—once. Once is enough to give him the general idea of what it's like. If he's a rational man, he won't do it again—and he'll have one hell of a lot more fun than the man who does.

Love has been defined as a type of insanity in which everybody goes blind and people who think they are speaking the truth tell the biggest lies in the world without batting an eyelash. First among these lies is the vow: "I shall love you always."

The rational man knows that this isn't the case, but even the rational man needs some built-in safeguards to protect him from the chief pitfall of love, which is marriage.

Let's look at a good example of the Rational Man, whom we shall call, for convenience, Peter Goodhew.

Pete is 26 years old, although for the purpose of our discussion he could be 46 without having any effect upon his strategy. Pete is an honorable man, incidentally, but it's not necessary to be honorable to be rational.

There is a girl involved, of course. With Pete, there is *always* a girl involved. She's about 22, which is a good age for girls—old enough to have a nice combination of experi-

ence and self-responsibility, young enough to have stamina, verve, enthusiasm and delightful sex appeal.

The girl, whom we shall call Sylvia, is an intelligent, sensitive, free-thinking creature, with a face and body designed for the highest of human pleasures.

Both of them are single, although each has survived a number of amorous encounters in the past.

Pete's first move upon meeting Sylvia is to be as charming and as exciting as possible, without overtly making a pass at her. But he skillfully brings her around to the point where *she* suggests that they see more of each other in the future.

The suggestion shocks him. "But I'm a married man," he protests.

Her face falls. "But I thought—" "I don't feel it's necessary to mention Mrs. Goodhew, usually. We've been separated for a year, but she refuses to give me a divorce. The fact remains that I *am* married."

Although this would seem, on the surface, to discourage any further association between Pete and Sylvia, it actually kindles a spark of adventure on her part. Since Pete obviously wants the divorce, and the marriage has already been

broken up with a separation, there is no moral question involved. Legally, however (he makes her believe), he already has a wife.

Two things are accomplished by this device: first, it is the same as if Pete had given references—obviously, he is attractive enough to at least one woman (his mythical wife) for her to marry him, and since he added that it is impossible to get a divorce, he must have something that his wife doesn't want another woman to get.

Secondly, he is protected from the girl's desire to marry him in the future, and has saved himself countless hours of sidestepping an expected proposal later on. On top of this, he has protected himself from moments of weakness when thoughts of marriage might seem attractive.

Sylvia is left with a lot of useless ammunition. Every woman is born with the answers to every other objection to tying the marital knot, but she doesn't have an answer to *this*. If she then still wants to see more of him, it is by the unspoken agreement that they can become lovers, but never married.

She now has no reason to "hold out" on her more intimate favors

until he should propose.

Pete, being a Rational Man, has dealt himself a good hand—and he has incidentally satisfied his own honorable instincts by warning her in advance that he can never marry her, so any favors she bestows are given freely and with her eyes wide open.

Knowing that the best fruit is that which is forbidden, Pete is assured that Sylvia's response to him will be extremely favorable. He is also aware that the first few tastes of forbidden fruit are the best, and realizes that after a while the hottest love affair is bound to cool off to something less exciting than it started out to be, so he protects himself from eventualities by making it impossible to legalize the relationship. Thus, neither Pete nor Sylvia get stuck with each other.

The final virtue to be enjoyed from pretending to be married is the advantage of being able to break off the relationship with no hard feelings on either side. Nobody *expects* it to be a lifetime thing at any stage of the game, so nobody is overly heartbroken when it simmers down.



As long as she thinks he's married, everything is fine!



Warned in advance, she is almost prepared when she discovers she's yesterday's girl—and can get about the task of finding herself another Grand Passion without too much wasted time.





